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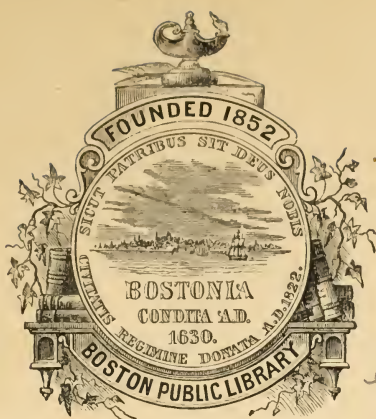
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PAMPHLETS.

Beaumont
and
Fletcher.
Plays.

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12
ACCESSION No. 171.638

ADDED May 1873.

CATALOGUED BY

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THE
MAIDS TRAGEDY,

As it hath been Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY THEIR

MAJESTIES
Servants.

Written by

FRANCIS BEAUMONT
and
JOHN FLETCHER, } Gentlemen.

LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley and S. Magnes in Russel-street
in Covent-Garden. 1686.

THE
ACTORS NAMES.

K^{Ing.} *Lysippus*, Brother to the King.
Amintor, a noble Gentleman.
Evadne, Wife to *Amintor*.
Melantius, } Brothersto *Evadne*.
Diphilus, }
Aspatia, Troth-plight Wife to *Amintor*.
Calianax, an old humorous Lord, and
Father to *Aspatia*.
Cleon, } Gentlemen.
Strato, }
Diagoras, a Servant.
Antiphila, } Waiting-Gentlewomen to
Olympius, } *Aspatia*.
Dula, a Lady.
Night, }
Cynthia, } Maskers.
Neptune, }
Eolus, }

T H E
Maids Tragedy.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, Diphilus.

Cleon. **T** H E rest are making ready, Sir.

Stra. So let them, there's time enough.

Diph. You are the Brother to the King, my Lord,
 we'll take your word.

Lys. *Strato*, thou hast some skill in Poetry. What
 think'st thou of a Mask? Will it be well?

Stra. As well as Mask can be.

Lys. As Mask can be?

Strat. Yes, they must commend their King, and speak in praise of the
 Assembly, bless the Bride and Bridegroom, in person of some God; they
 are ty'd to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my Lord, who is return'd!

Lys. Noble *Melantius*!

[*Enter Melantius.*

The Land by me welcomes thy Vertues home to *Rhodes*, thou that with
 blood abroad buyest us our peace; the breath of Kings is like the breath of
 Gods; my Brother wisht thee here, and thou art here; he will be too kind,
 and weary thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give thee a wel-
 come above this, or all the worlds.

Mel. My Lord, my thanks; but these scratcht Limbs of mine have spoke
 my love and truth unto my Friends, more than my tongue e're could; my
 mind's the same it ever was to you; where I find worth, I love the Keep-
 er, till he let it go,
 And then I follow it.

Diph. Hail, worthy Brother!
 He that rejoyces not at your return
 In safety, is mine Enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, *Diphilus*: but thou art faulty;

I sent for thee to exercise thine Arms

With me at *Patria*: thou cam'st not, *Diphilus*: 'Twas ill.

Diph. My Noble Brother, my excuse

Is my Kings strict Command, which you, my Lord,
Can witness with me.

Lyf. 'Tis true, *Melantius*,

He might not come till the solemnity
Of this great Match were past.

Diph. Have you heard of it?

Mel. Yes, I have given cause to those that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesom;
I have no other business here at *Rhodes*.

Lyf. We have a mask to night,
And you must tread a Souldiers measure.

Mel. These soft and silken Wars are not for me;
The musick must be shrill, and all confus'd,
That stirs my Blood, and then I dance with Arms:
But is *Amintor* wed?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All joys upon him, for he is my Friend:
Wonder not that I call a man so young my Friend,
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his Friend need it: when he was a Boy,
As oft as I return'd (as without boast)
I brought home Conquest, he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one Limb
The Vertue lay to do those things he heard:
Then would he wish to see my Sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it; he oft would make me smile at this;
His Youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd. *Enter Aspatia passing by.*

Melan. Hail Maid and Wife!

Thou fair *Aspatia*, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to day, last till the hand
Of age undo't; may'st thou bring a race
Unto *Amintor*, that may fill the World
Successively with Souldiers. *Asp.* My hard Fortunes
Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud
When they were good. *Mel.* How's this? *[Exit Aspatia.]*

Lyf. You are mistaken, for she is not married.

Mel. You said *Amintor* was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but—

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at *Patria*, from my *Amintor*,
That he should marry her. *Diph.* And so it stood,
In all opinion long; but your arrival

Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then ? *Lyf.* A Lady, Sir,

That bears the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her Eye, the fair *Evadne*, your vertuous Sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them: But this is strange.

Lyf. The King, my Brother, did it

To honour you ; and these Solemnities

Are at his Charge. *Mel.* 'Tis Royal, like himself:

But I am sad, my speech bears so unfortunate a sound

To beautiful *Aspatia* ; there is rage

Hid in her Father's Breast ; *Calianax*

Bent long against me, and he should not think,

If I could call it back, that I would take

So base Revenges, as to scorn the state

Of his neglected Daughter : holds he still his greatness with the King ?

Lyf. Yes ; but this Lady

Walks discontented, with her watry Eyes

Bent on the Earth : the unfrequented Woods

Are her delight ; and when she sees a bank

Stuck full of Flowers, she with a sigh will tell

Her Servants, what a pretty Place it were

To bury Lovers in, and make her Maids

Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a Corse.

She carries with her an infectious Grief,

That strikes all her Beholders ; she will sing

The mournful'st that ever Ear hath heard :

And sigh, and sing again, and when the rest

Of our young Ladies, in their wanton Blood,

Tell mirthful Tales in course, that fill the Room

With laughter, she will, with so sad a Look

Bring forth a story of the silent death

Of some forsaken Virgin, which her grief

Will put in such a Phrase, that e're she end,

She'll send them weeping, one by one, away.

Mel. She has a Brother, under my Command,

Like her, a Face as Womanish as hers,

But with a Spirit that hath much out-grown

The number of his years.

[Enter Amintor.]

Cle. My Lord the Bridegroom !

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily

Upon my Foe : I love thee well, *Amintor*,

My Mouth is much too narrow for my Heart ;

I joy to look upon those Eyes of thine ;

Thou art my Friend ; but my disordered speech cuts off my love.

Amint. Thou art *Melantius* ;

All Love is spoke in that, a sacrifice

To thank the Gods, *Melantius* is return'd

In safety ; Victory sits on his Sword
 As she was wont ; may she build there and dwell,
 And may thy Armour be as it hath been,
 Only thy Valour and thy Innocence.
 What endless Treasures would our Enemies give,
 That I might hold thee still thus !

Mel. I am but poor in words, but credit me young Man,
 Thy Mother could no more but weep for Joy to see thee,
 After long absence ; all the Wounds I have,
 Fetcht not so much away, nor all the Cries
 Of widowed Mothers : but this is Peace ;
 And what was War ? *Amin.* Pardon, thou holy God.
 Of Marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,
 In answer of such noble Tears as those,
 To weep upon my VWedding day.

Mel. I fear thou art grown too sick ; for I hear
 A Lady mourns for thee, Men say to death,
 Forsaken of thee, on what terms I know not.

Amin. She had my promise, but the King forbid it,
 And made me make this worthy change, thy sister
 Accompanied with Graces above her,
 VVith whom I long to lose my lusty Youth,
 And grow old in her Arms. *Mel.* Be prosperous.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Maskers rage for you.

Lys. VVe are gone. *Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

Amin. VVe'll all attend you, we shall trouble you
 VVith our Solemnities. *Mel.* Not so, *Aminor.*

But if you laugh at my rude Carriage
 In Peace, I'll do as much for you in VVar,
 VVhen you come thither : yet I have a Mistress
 To bring to your delights ; rough though I am,
 I have a Mistress, and she has a Heart,
 She says, but trust me, it is Stone, no better,
 There is no place that I can challenge in't.
 But you stand still, and here my way lies.

[*Exit.*

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the Doors better, for shame, you let in all the
 VVorld, and anon the King will rail at me ; why very well said, by *Jove*,
 the King will have the Show' th' Court.

Diag. VVhy do you swear so, my Lord ?
 You know hee'l have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may swear his Heart out with swearing, and get thanks on no
 side ; I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I will never keep them out.

Pray

Pray stay, your looks will terrifie them.

Cal. My Looks terrifie them, you Coxcomblly As you ! I'll be judged by all the Company, whether thou hast not a worse Face than I——

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your Office.

Cal. Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat quite through my Office : I might have made room at my Daughters Wedding, they had near kill'd her amongst them. And now I must do Service for him that hath forsaken her ; serve that will. *[Exit. Calianax.]*

Diag. He's so humorous since his Daughter was forsaken : hark, hark, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.

What now ?

[Within, knock within.]

Mel. Open the door.

Diag. VWho's there ?

Mel. Melantius.

Diag. I hope your Lordship brings no Troop with you, for if you do, I must return them.

[Enter Melantius and a Lady.]

Mel. None but this Lady, Sir:

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, save those that come in the Kings Troop, the best of *Rhodes* sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, Sir, when I have seen you plac'd, Madam, I must attend the King ; but the Mask done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there, room for my Lord *Melantius*, pray bear back, this is no place for such Youths and their Truls ; let the Doors shut agen ; I, do your Heads itch ? I'll scratch them for you : so, now thrust and hang : again, who is't now ? I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away ; would he were here, he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser Heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye : what's the news now ? *[Within.]*

I pray you can you help me to the speech of the Master Cook ?

Diag. If I open the Door, I'll cook some of your Calves heads. Peace Rogues,—again,—who is't ?

Mel. Melantius within.

[Enter Calianax to Melantius.]

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my Lord, a must ; make room there for my Lord ; is your Lady plac'd ?

Mel. Yes, Sir, I thank you, my Lord *Calianax* : well met, Your causless hate to me, I hope, is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do Service for your Sister here, That brings my own poor Child to timeless death ; She loves your Friend *Amimor*, such another false-hearted Lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong.

A most unmanly one, and I am slow In taking Vengeance, but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so : who plac'd the Lady there, so near the presence of the King ?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My Lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why ?

Cal. The place is kept for Women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she, it mis-becomes your age

And place, to be thus womanish ; forbear ;

VWhat you have spoke, I am content to think.

The Palsy shook your Tongue to.

Cal.

Cal. Why 'tis well if I stand here to place Mens Wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, and through all, cut that poor sickly week thou hast to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your Whore.

Mel. Bate the King, and be he Flesh and Blood,
A lyes that says it; thy Mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her. *Diag.* Good my Lord!

Mel. Some God pluck threescore years from that fond Man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour;
It is the curse of Souldiers, that in peace
They shall be bran'd by such ignoble Men,
As (if the Land were troubled) would with Tears
And Knees beg succour from 'em, would that Blood
(That Sea of Blood) that I have lost in Fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more——This *Rhodes* I see is nought
But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. I, you may say your pleasure. [Enter Amintor.]

Amint. What vild Injury
Has stirr'd my worthy Friend, who is as slow
To fight with words, as he is quick of Hand?

Mel. That heap of Age which I should reverence,
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible. *Amint.* Good Sir forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as your self.

Amint. He will wrong you, or me, or any Man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match: the King is coming in,
I would not for more Wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging, he did hear
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

Cal. Make room there. [Hoboyes play within.]

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. *Melantius*, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still; but this is not a place
To brabble in; *Calianax*, joyn hands.

Cal. He shall not have my Hand.

King. This is no time
To force you to't, I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your Office;
And you *Melantius* are welcome home; begin the Mask.

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice,
You lookt with my Eyes, when you took that Man;
Be happy in him.

[Recorders.
Evad. O

Evad. O my dearest Brother!
Your presence is more joyful than this day can be unto me.

The Mask.

Night rises in Mists.

Night. Our Reign is come; for in the raging Sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day:
Bright *Cynthia* hear my Voice, I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed light;
Appear, no longer thy pale visage shrowd,
But strike thy silver horn through a cloud,
And send a Beam upon my swarthy Face,
By which I may discover all the place
And Persons, and how many longing Eyes
Are come to wait on our Solemnities.
How dull and black am I? I could not find
This Beauty without thee, I am so blind;
Methinks they shew like to those Eastern stroaks,
That warn us hence before the morning break;
Back my pale Servant, for these Eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

[*Enter Cynthia.*

Cynth. Great Queen, they be a Troop, for whom alone
One of my clearest Moons I have put on;
A Troop that looks as if thy self and I
Had pluckt our Reins in, and our Whips laid by,
To gaze upon these Mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep 'em here,
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.

Cynth. Great Queen of Shadows, you are pleas'd to speak
Of more than may be done; we may not break
The Gods Decrees, but when our time is come,
Must drive away and give the day our room.
Yet whilst our Reign lasts, let us stretch our Power,
To give our Servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn Grace and State,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our Brothers glorious Beams; and wish the Night
Crown'd with a thousand Stars, and our cold light:
For almost all the World their service bend
To *Phæbus*, and in vain my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet Eyes.

Night. Then shine at full, fair Queen, and, by thy Power,

Produce

Produce a Birth to Crown this happy hour ;
 Of Nymphs and Shepherds let their Songs discover,
 Ease and Sweet, who is a happy Lover ;
 Or if thou woot, then call thine own *Endymion*
 From the sweet flowry Bed he lies upon,
 On *Latmus* top, thy pale Beams drawn away,
 And of this long Night let him make a day.

Cinth. Thou dream'st dark Queen, that fair Boy was not mine,
 Nor went I down to kiss him ; ease and wine
 Have bred these bold Tales ; Poets, when they rage,
 Turn Gods to Men, and make an hour age ;
 But I will give a greater State and Glory,
 And raise to time a noble memory
 Of what these Lovers are ; rise, rise, I say,
 Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,
Neptune, great King of Waters, and by me
 Be proud to be commanded.

[*Neptune rises.*]

Nep. Cinthia, see,

Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know why I ascend.

Cinth. Doth this Majestick show

Give thee no knowledge yet ? *Nep.* Yes, now I see

Something intended (*Cinthia*) worthy thee ;

Go on, I'll be a helper.

Cinth. Hie thee then,

And charge the Wind flie from his Rockie Den.

Let loose thy subjects, only *Boreas*

Too foul for our intention as he was ;

Still keep him fast chain'd ; we must have none here,

But vernal blasts, and gentle Winds appear,

Such as blow flowers, and through the glad Boughs sing

Many soft Welcomes to the lusty Spring.

These are our Musick : next, thy watry race

Bring on in Couples ; we are pleas'd to grace

This Noble Night, each in their richest things

Your own deeps, or the broken vessel brings ;

Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,

And shine at full upon you.

Nep. Ho the wind

[*Enter Eolus out of a Rock.*]

Commanding *Eolus* !

Eol. Great *Neptune*.

Nep. He.

Eol. What is thy will ?

Nep. We do command thee free

Favonius, and thy milder Winds to wait

Upon our *Cinthia*, but tye *Boreas* straight ;

He's too Rebellious.

Eol. I shall do it.

Nep. Do, great master of the Flood, and all below,

Thy full Command has taken.

Eol. Ho ! the main ;

Neptune.

Nep. Here.

Eol. *Boreas* has broke his Chain,

And strugling with the rest, has got away.

Nep. Let him alone, I'll take him up at Sea ;

He will not long be thence ; go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the Main,
Blew *Proteus*, and the rest ; charge them put on
Their greatest Pearls, and the most sparkling Stone
The bearing Rock breeds, till this Night is done,
By me a solemn honour to the Moon ;
Flie like a full sail. *Eol.* I am gone.

Cin. Dark night,
Strike a full silence, do a thorow right
To this great *Chorus*, that our Musick may
Touch high as Heaven, and make the *East* break day
At Midnight.

[Musick.

Song.

Cinthia to thy power, and them
we obey.

Joy to this great Company,
and no day

Come to steal this Night away ;
Till the rites of Love are ended,
And the lusty Bridegroom say,
Welcome light of all befriended.

Pace out your watry Powers below,
let your feet

Like the Gallies when they row,
even beat.

Let your unknown measures set
To the still Winds, tell to all,
That Gods are come immortal great,
To honour this great Nuptial.

The measure. Second Song.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done,
The day will come too soon ;

Young Maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their blushes open to the day.

Stay, stay, and hide
the blushes of the Bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
the kisses of her Lover.

Stay, and confound her Tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, Vows, and often dyings ;

Stay and hide all,
but help not though she call.

Nep. Great Queen of us and Heaven,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not her measure. *Cinth.* Speak Seas King.

Nep. Thy tunes my *Amphitrite* Joyes to have,
When they will dance upon the rising Wave ;

C

And

And court me as the Sails, my Trytons play
Musick to lead a storm, I'll lead the way.

Song.

Measure.

To bed, to bed; come Hymen, lead the Bride,

And lay her by her Husbands side:

Bring in the Virgins every one,

That grieve to lie alone:

That they may kiss, while they may say, a maid,

To morrow 'twill be other, kist and said:

Hesperus, be long a shining,

Whilst these Lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho Neptune!

Nept. Eolus!

Eol. The Seas go high.

Boreas hath rais'd a storm; go and apply

Thy Trident, else I prophesie, ere day

Many a tall Ship will be cast away:

Descend with all the Gods, and all their power to strike a Calm.

Cin. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate

So great a Service done at my desire,

Ye shall have many floods fuller and higher

Than you have wisht for; no Ebb shall dare

To let the day see where your dwellings are:

Now back unto your Government in haste,

Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,

And win upon the Island.

Nep. We obey.

[Neptune descends, and the Sea-Gods.

Cin. Hold up thy Head, dead Night; seest thou not Day?

The East begins to lighten, I must down,

And give my Brother place.

Nigh. Oh, I could frown

To see the Day, the Day that flings his light

Upon my Kingdoms, and contemns old Night;

Let him go on and flame, I hope to see

Another Wild-Fire in his Axletree;

And all false drencht; but I forgot, speak Queen,

The day grows on, I must no more be seen.

Cin. Heave up thy drowsie head agen, and see

A greater light, a greater Majesty,

Between our sect and us; whip up thy Team;

The day breaks here, and you some flashing stream

Shot from the South; say, which way wilt thou go?

Nigh. I'll vanish into Mists.

[Exeunt.

Cin. I into Day.

[Finis Mask.

King. Take lights there, Ladies, get the Bride to Bed;

We will not see you laid, good Night Amintor,

We'll ease you of that tedious Ceremony;

Were it my case, I should think time run slow.

If thou beest noble, youth, get me a Boy,
That may defend me from my Foes.

Amin. All happiness to you.

King. Good night, *Melantius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

Dul. **M**Adam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The Wars are nak'd that you must make to Night.

Eva. You are very merry, *Dula*.

Dul. I should be far merrier, Madam, if it were with me as it is with you.

Eva. Why, how now Wench?

Dul. Come, Ladies, will you help?

Eva. I am soon undone.

Dul. And as soon done:

Good store of Cloaths will trouble you at both.

Evad. Art thou drunk, *Dula*?

Dula. Why here's none but we.

Evad. Thou think'st belike, there is no modesty
When we are alone.

Dul. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

Evad. You prick me, Lady.

Dul. 'Tis against my will,

Anon you must endure more, and lie still.

You're best to practise. *Evad.* Sure this wench is mad.

Dul. No faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.

Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.

Dul. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me;

A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lively in your Husband's bed.

Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.

Dul. Take it, Madam, where?

We all, I hope, will take it that are here.

Evad. Nay, then I'll give you o're.

Dul. So will I make

The ablest man in *Rhodes*, or his heart to ache.

Evad. Wilt take my place to night?

Dul. I'll hold your Cards against any two I know.

Evad. What wilt thou do?

Dul. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.

Evad. *Aspatia*, take her part.

Dul. I will refuse it.

She will pluck down a side, she does not use it.

Evad. Why, do.

Dul. You will find the Play

Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

Evad. I thank thee, *Dula*, would thou couldst instill
Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell,
Methinks a Mean betwixt you would do well.

Dul. She is in Love, hang me if I were so,
But I could run my Country, I love too
To do those things that People in, love do.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek,

It were a fitter Hour for me to laugh,

When at the Altar the Religious Priest

Were pacifying the offended Powers

With Sacrifice, than now, this should have been

My Night, and all your hands have been employed

In giving me a spotless Offering

To young *Amintor's* Bed, as we are now

For you: pardon, *Evadne*, would my worth

Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,

Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthless:

But till he did so, in these Ears of mine,

(These credulous Ears) he pour'd the sweetest words,

That Art or Love could frame, if he were false;

Pardon it, Heaven, and if I did want

Vertue, you safely may forgive that too,

For I have left none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, Madam.

Aspat. Would I could, then should I leave the Cause.

Evad. See if you have not spoil'd all *Dula's* mirth.

Aspat. Thou think'st thy Heart hard, but if thou beest caught, re-
member me; thou shalt perceive a Fire shot suddenly into thee.

Dul. That's not so good, let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I fear
'em not.

Asp. Well, Wench, thou may'st be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good night, I'll do the rest my self.

Dul. Nay, let your Lord do some.

Asp. Lay a Garland on my Hearse of the dismal Yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad Songs, Madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, Madam?

Song.

Asp. Lay a Garland on my Hearse of the dismal Yew,
Maidens, willow-branches bear; say I died true:

My Love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth;

Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle Earth.

Evad. Fie on't, Madam, the words are so strange, they are able to
make

make one dream of Hobgoblins; *I could never have the Power, sing that Dula.*

*Dula. I could never have the Power
To love one above an hour;
But my Heart would prompt mine Eye
On some other Man to flie;
Venus fix mine Eyes fast,*

Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So leave me now. Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

*Asp. Madam, good night, may all the marriage-joys,
That longing Maids imagine in their Beds,
Prove so unto you; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your Love and you; but if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an Artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking; love your Lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas! you may displease him, so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:
Ladies, farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my Hearse;
Bring each a mournful Story, and a Tear
To offer at it when I go to Earth:
With flattering Ivy, clasp my Coffin round,
Write on my brow my Fortune; let my Bier
Be born by Virgins, that shall sing by course
The truth of Maids, and perjuries of Men.*

Evad. Alas, I pity thee.

[Exit Evadne.

Omnes. Madam, good night.

1 Lady. Come, we'll let in the Bridegroom.

Dul. Where's my Lord?

1 Lady. Here take this light.

[Enter Amintor.

Dul. You'll find her in the dark.

1 Lady. Your Lady's scarce abed yet, you must help her.

*Asp. Go and be happy in your Ladies Love;
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my Lord, and see the Virgins weep
When I am laid in Earth, though you your self
Can know no pity: thus I wind my self
Into this Willow-Garland, and am prouder,
That I was once your Love (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractic'd way to grieve and die.*

[Exit Aspatia.

Dula

Dul. Come, Ladies, will you go?

Om. Goodnight, my Lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

I did that Lady wrong; methinks I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my Veins:
Mine eyes run; this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my will in keeping——why do I
Perplex my self thus? something whispers me,
Go not to bed; my Guilt is not so great
As mine own Conscience (too sensible)
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King that forc'd me: timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle fears.
Yonder she is, the lustre of whose Eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things; Oh, my *Evadne*, spare
That tender Body, let it not take cold,
The vapours of the Night will not fall here.
To bed my Love; *Hymen* will punish us
For being slack performers of his Rites.
Can'st thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my Love,
And let us loose our selves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?

Evad. I am not well.

Amin. To bed, then let me winde thee in these Arms,
Till I have banisht sickness.

Evad. Good my Lord, I cannot sleep.

Amin. *Evadne*, we'll watch, I mean no sleeping.

Evad. I'll not go to bed.

Amin. I prethee do.

Evad. I will not for the world.

Amin. Why, my dear Love?

Evad. Why? I have sworn I will not.

Amin. Sworn!

Evad. I.

Amin. How? Sworn *Evadne*?

Evad. Yes, sworn *Amin*, and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.

Amin. To whom have you sworn this?

Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.

Amin. Come, this is but the coynefs of a Bride.

Evad. The coynefs of a Bride!

Amin. How prettily that Frown becomes thee!

Evad. Do you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it.

Evad. What look likes you best?

Amin. Why do you ask?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin.

Amin. How's that ?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee put thy jests in milder looks.

It shews as thou wert angry.

Evad. So perhaps I am indeed.

Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong ?

Name me the man, and by thy self I swear,
Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee.

Evad. Now I shall try thy truth, if thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me ;
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the Life to come, are light as air
To a true Lover when his Lady frowns,
And bids him do this : wilt thou kill this man ?

Swear my *Amintor*, and I'll kiss the sin off from thy lips.

Amin. I will not swear sweet Love,
Till I do know the cause.

Evad. I would thou would'st ;
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me, I hate thee,
Thou should'st have kill'd thy self.

Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

Evad. Know it then, and do't.

Amin. Oh no, what look foe're thou shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false ;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falshood should abide : leave, and to bed ;
If you have sworn to any of the Virgins,
That were your old Companions, to preserve
Your Maidenhead a night, it may be done without this means.

Evad. A Maidenhead, *Amintor*, at my years ?

Amin. Sure she raves, this cannot be
Thy natural Temper ; shall I call thy Maids ?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some Fever rages in thy blood.

Evad. Neither, *Amintor* ; think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth ?

Amin. Will you not lie with me to night ?

Evad. To night ? you talk as if I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter ? yes, I do :

Evad. You are deceiv'd, put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter, for the Oracle
Knows nothing true, 'tis not for a Night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

Amin. I dream, — awake, *Amintor* !

Evad. You hear right,

I sooner will find out the Beds of Snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my Limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee ; this is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyneſs of a Bride.

Amin. Is fleſh ſo earthly to endure all this ?
Are theſe the joyes of Marriage ? *Hymen* keep
This ſtory (that will make ſucceeding youth
Neglect thy Ceremonies) from all ears.
Let it not riſe up for thy ſhame and mine
To after ages ; we will ſcorn thy Laws,
If thou no better bleſs them ; touch the Heart
Of her that thou haſt ſent me, or the world
Shall know there's not an Altar that will ſmoke
In praife of thee ; we will adopt us Sons ;
Then Virtue ſhall inherit, and not Blood :
If we do luſt, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving our ſelves as other Creatures do,
And never take note of the Female more,
Nor of her iſſue. I do rage in vain,
She can but jeſt ; Oh pardon me my Love ;
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I muſt break forth ; ſatiſſie my fear :
It is a pain beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt ; confirm it with an Oath, if this be true.

Evad. Do you invent the Form ?
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and Conjurers can put together,
And I will take it ; I have ſworn before,
And here, by all things, holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed. Is your doubt over now ?

Amin. I know too much, would I had doubted ſtill :
Was ever ſuch a marriage night as this !
You Powers above, if you did ever mean
Man ſhould be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himſelf, and ſave his honour,
Inſtruct me in it, for to my dull Eyes
There is no mean, no moderate courſe to run,
I muſt live ſcorn'd, or be a murderer :
Is there a third ? why is this night ſo calm ?
Why does not heaven ſpeak in thunder to us, and drown her voice ?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amin. *Evadne*, hear me, thou haſt ta'en an Oath,
But ſuch a raſh one, that to keep it, were
Worſe than to ſwear it ; call it back to thee ;
Such vows as thoſe never aſcend the heaven ;
A tear or two will waſh it quite away :

Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful, for (without boast)
This Land was proud of me : what Lady was there
That men call'd fair and vertuous in this Isle,
That would have shun'd my love ? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth——Oh we vain men,
That trust out all our Reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble VVomen ! but thou art not stone ;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The Spirit of Love, thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair,
To all the joys thou hast ; I know thou wilt ;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O'recome my spirits.

Evad. When I call back this Oath, the pains of Hell inviron me.

Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate ; come to bed, or by
Those hairs, which, if thou hast a Soul like to thy locks,
Were threads for Kings to wear about their arms.

Evad. VVhy so perhaps they are.

Amint. I'le drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked Oath, or on thy flesh
I'le print a thousand wounds to let out life.

Evad. I fear thee not, do what thou dar'st to me ;
Every ill founding word, or threatning look
Thou shew'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.

Amint. It will not sure, *Evadne.*

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amint. Ha' ye your Champions ?

Evad. Alas, *Amintor*, thinkest thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maidens strictness ? look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a Vow ; no, in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wisht act in practice, as ever yet
VVas known to VVoman, and they have been shewn
Both ; but it was the folly of thy youth,
To think this beauty (to what Land soe're
It shall be call'd) shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die : you guess the man.

Amint. No, let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into Motes,
And scatter it before the Northern wind.

Evad. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Do not wrong me so ;
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant,

D

That

That it were death to touch, I have a soul

Will throw me on him.

Evad. Why, 'tis the King.

Amin. The King!

Evad. What will you do now?

Amin. 'Tis not the King.

Evad. What, did he make this match for dull *Amintor*?

Amin. Oh thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away

All thoughts revengeful : in that sacred name,

The King, there lies a terror : what frail man

Dares lift his hand against it? Let the Gods

Speak to him when they please ; till when let us suffer and wait.

Evad. Why should you fill your self so full of heat,

And haste so to my bed? I am no Virgin.

Amin. What Devil put it in thy fancy then

To marry me?

Evad. Alas, I must have one

To father children, and to bear the name

Of Husband to me, that my sin may be more honourable.

Amin. What a strange thing am I?

Evad. A miserable one ; one that my self am sorry for.

Amin. Why shew it then in this,

If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,

Kill me, and all true Lovers that shall live

In after ages, crost in their desires,

Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,

Because such mercy in thy heart was found,

To rid a lingering Wretch.

Evad. I must have one

To fill thy Room again, if thou wert dead,

Else by this night I would : I pity thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen

So thick upon me, that I lose all sense

Of what they are : methinks I am not wrong'd,

Nor is it ought, if from the censuring World

I can but hide it——Reputation,

Thou art a word, no more ; but thou hast shewn

An impudence so high, that to the World

I fear thou wilt betray or shame thy self.

Evad. To cover shame I took thee, never fear

That I would blaze my self.

Amin. Nor let the King

Know I conceive he wrongs me, then mine Honour

Will thrust me into action, that my flesh

Could bear with patience ; and it is some ease

To me in these extreams, that I knew this

Before I touch'd thee ; else had all the sins

Of Mankind stood betwixt me and the King,

I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.

I have lost one desire, 'tis not his Crown
 Shall buy me to thy bed: now I resolve
 He has dishonour'd thee; give me thy hand,
 Be careful of thy credit, and sin close,
 'Tis all I wish; upon thy Chamber-floor
 I'll rest to night, that morning visitors
 May think we did as married people use.
 And prithee smile upon me when they come,
 And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
 With what we did.

Evad. Fear not, I will do this.

Amin. Come let us practise, and as wantonly
 As ever loving Bride and Bridegroom met,
 Let's laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content.

Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart.
 When we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes see
 If ever Lovers better did agree.

[Exit.

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila, Olympias.

Asp. Away, you are not sad, force it no further;
 Good gods, how well you look! such a full Colour
 Young bashful Brides put on: sure you are new married.

Ant. Yes, Madam, to your grief.

Asp. Alas, poor wenches,
 Go learn to love first, learn to lose your selves,
 Learn to be flattered, and believe, and bless
 The double tongue that did it;
 Make a faith out of the miracles of Ancient Lovers.
 Did you ne're love yet, Wenches? speak *Olympias*,
 Such as speak truth and dy'd in't,
 And like me believe all faithful, and be miserable;
 Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stamp

Olymp. Never.

Asp. Nor you, *Antiphila*?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then my good Girls, be more than Women, wise. At least
 be more than I was; and be sure you credit any thing the light gives
 light to, before a man; rather believe the Sea weeps for the ruin'd
 Merchant when he roars; rather the winde courts the pregnant Sails
 when the strong Cordage cracks; rather the Sun comes but to kiss the
 Fruit in Wealthy Autumn, when all falls blasted; if you needs must
 love (forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosomes two dead cold
 Aspicks, and of them make Lovers, they cannot flatter nor forswear;
 one kiss makes a long peace for all; but man, oh that beast man!
 Come let's be sad my Girls;

That down cast of thine eye, *Olympias*,
 Shews a fine sorrow: mark *Antiphila*,
 Just such another was the Nymph *Oenone*,
 When *Paris* brought home *Hellen*: now a Tear,
 And then thou art a piece expressing fully

The *Carthage* Queen, when from a cold Sea-Rock,¹
 Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her Eyes
 To the fair *Trojan* Ships, and having lost them,
 Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear, *Antiphila*;
 What would this Wench do, if she were *Aspatia*?
 Here she would stand, till some more pitying God
 Turn'd her to Marble: 'Tis enough, my Wench;
 Shew me the piece of needle-work you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne*, Madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece.

This should be *Theseus*, h'as a cozening Face,
 You meant him for a Man. *Ant.* He was so, Madam.

Asp. Why then 'tis well enough, never look back,
 You have a full wind, and a false Heart, *Theseus*;
 Does not the story say, his Keel was split,
 Or his Masts spent, or some kind Rock or other
 Met with his Vessel? *Ant.* Not as I remember.

Asp. It should have been so; could the Gods know this,
 And not of all their number raise a storm?
 But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest;
 Just such another caught me; you shall not go so, *Antiphila*;
 In this place work a quick-sand,
 And over it a shallow smiling Water,
 And his Ship ploughing it, and then a fear.

Do that fear to the life, Wench. *Ant.* 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story wrong'd by wanton Poets.
 Live long, and be believ'd; but where's the Lady?

Ant. There, Madam.

Asp. Fie, you have mist it here, *Antiphila*,
 You are much mistaken, Wench;
 These Colours are not dull and pale enough
 To shew a Soul so full of misery,
 As this sad Ladies was; do it by me,
 Do it again by me the lost *Aspatia*,
 And you shall find all true but the wild Island;
 I stand upon the Sea-breach now, and think
 Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
 Wild as that Desert, and let all about me
 Tell that I am forsaken, do my face
 (If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
 Thus, thus, *Antiphila*, strive to make me look
 Like sorrows monument; and the trees about me,
 Let them be dry and leaveless: let the Rocks
 Groan with continual surges, and behind me
 Make all a desolation; look, look, Wenches,
 A miserable life of this poor Picture.

Olym. Dear Madam!

Asp. I have done, sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new Souls.

[Enter Calianax.

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it;
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd: well, how now, housewives?
What at your ease? is this a time to sit still? up you young
Lazy Whores, up or I'll swinge you. *Olym.* Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly, get you in and work;
What are you grown so resty? you want tears,
We shall have some of the Court boys do that Office.

Ant. My Lord, we do no more than we are charg'd:
It is the Ladies' pleasure we be thus in grief;
She is forsaken.

Cal. There's a Rogue too,
A young dissembling slave; well, get you in,
I'll have about with that Boy: 'tis high time
Now to be valiant; I confess my Youth
Was never prone that way: what, made an Ass?
A Court stale? well I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these Whelps; I will; and there's
Another of 'em, a trim cheating Souldier,
I'll maul that Rascal, he's out-brav'd me twice;
But now I thank the Gods I am valiant;
Go, get you in, I'll take a course with all.

[Exeunt omnes.

ACT III.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

Cleon. **Y**our Sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, Brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome.

Strat. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my Sisters maiden-head to night?

Strat. No, it's odds against any Bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while
he lives.

Diph. Y'are merry with my Sister, you'll please to allow me the same free-
dom with your Mother.

Strat. She's at your service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of her self, she needs no tickling;
knock at the door.

Strat. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they have the year before them.

Good morrow, Sister; spare your self to day, the night will come a-
gain.

[Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there, my Brother? I am no readier yet, your Sister
is but now up.

Diph.

Diph. You look as you had lost your Eyes to night; I think you have not slept. *Amin.* P'faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better then.

Amin. We ventured for a Boy; when he is twelve,
A shall command against the Foes of *Rhodes*.

Stra. You cannot, you want sleep.

[*Aside.*

Amin. 'Tis true; but she,

As if she had drunk *Lethe*, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound. *Diph.* What's that?

Amin. Your Sister frets this morning, and does turn her Eyes upon me, as people on their headsman; she does chafe, and kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks: She's in another World.

Diph. Then I had lost; I was about to lay, you had not got her maiden-head to night.

Amin. Ha, he does not mock me; y'ad lost indeed;
I do not use to bungle. *Cleo.* You do deserve her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath
That was so rude and rough to me, last night
Was sweet as *April*; I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects.

[*Aside.*

[*Enter Melantius.*

Mel. Good day, *Aminitor*, for to me the Name
Of Brother is too distant; we are Friends,
And that is nearer. *Amin.* Dear *Melantius*!
Let me behold thee; is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this? *Amin.* 'Tis wondrous strange.

Mel. Why does thine Eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? there's nothing here that is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much, *Melantius*,
To see those noble looks that make me think,
How vertuous thou art; and on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me, thou should'st have worth and honour,
Or not be Base, and False, and Treacherous,
And every ill. But——

Mel. Stay, stay, my Friend,
I fear this sound will not become our loves; no more embrace me.

Amin. Oh mistake me not,
I know thee to be full of all those deeds,
That we frail men call good: but by the course
Of Nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the Winds, dissembling as the Sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as Virgins be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his Billows up,
And shoots 'em at the Sun, destroying all
A carries on him. O how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts!

[*Aside.*

Mel.

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by Nature?

Amin. I have wed thy Sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole Family, and it is strange
That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this Complement's too cunning for me.

Diph. What should I be then by the course of Nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much Vertue?

Strat. O call the Bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that we may see her blush,
and turn her Eyes down; it is the prettiest sport.

Amin. *Evadne!* *Evad.* My Lord! [Within.

Amin. Come forth, my Love,
Your Brothers do attend to wish you joy.

Evad. I am not ready yet. *Amin.* Enough, enough.

Evad. They'll mock me.

Amint. Faith, thou shalt come in! [Enter *Evadne*.

Mel. Good morrow, Sister, he that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy.
You have enough, take heed you be not proud.

Diph. O Sister, what have you done!

Evad. I done! why, what have I done?

Strat. My Lord *Amintor* swears you are no maid now.

Evad. Push! *Strat.* I faith he does.

Evad. I knew I should be mockt. *Diph.* With a truth.

Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.

Amint. Not I, by Heaven.

[Aside.

Diph. Sister, *Dula* swears she heard you cry two rooms off.

Evad. Fie, how you talk! *Diph.* Let's see you walk.

Evad. By my troth y'are spoil'd. *Mel.* *Amintor!*

Amin. Ha! *Mel.* Thou art sad.

Amint. Who I? I thank you for that, shall *Diphilus*, thou and I sing a
Catch? *Mel.* How! *Amin.* Prithee let's.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightned with my happiness: how do'st thou, Love?
kiss me. *Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell Tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen,
Would you had all such Wives, and all the World,
That I might be no wonder; y'are all sad;
What, do you envie me? I walk methinks
On water, and ne're sink, I am so light.

Mel. 'Tis well you are so.

Amint. Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no musick there? let's dance.

Mel. Why, this is strange, *Amintor!*

Amint. I do not know my self; yet I could wish my joy were less.

Diph. Ple marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. *Amintor*, hark.

[Aside.

Amint. What says my Love? I must obey.

Evad.

Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.

Cle. My Lord, the King is here.

[Enter King and Lisip.]

Amin. Where?

Str. And his Brother.

King. Good morrow all.

Amintor, joy on, joy fall thick upon thee;

And Madam, you are alter'd since I saw you,

I must salute you; you are now anothers;

How lik'd you your nights rest?

Evad. Ill, Sir.

Amin. I! 'deed she took but little.

Lis. You'll let her take more, and thank her too shortly.

King. *Amintor,* wert thou truly honest till thou wert married?

Amin. Yes, Sir.

King. Tell me then, how shews the sport unto thee?

Amin. Why, well.

King. What did you do?

Amin. No more nor less than other Couples use;

You know what 'tis; it has but a course name.

King. But prithee, I should think by her black eye,

And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring

In this same business, ha?

Amin. I cannot tell, I ne're try'd other, Sir, but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.

King. Well, you'll trust me then, *Amintor,*

To chuse a Wife for you agen?

Amin. No, never, Sir.

King. Why? like you this so ill?

Amin. So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,

And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute

Hourly, and do hope we shall draw out

A long contented life together here,

And die both full of Gray hairs in one day;

For which the thanks is yours; but if the Powers

That rule us, please to call her first away,

Without pride spoke, this World holds not a Wife

Worthy to take her room.

King. I do not like this; all forbear the room

But you *Amintor* and your Lady. I have some speech with

You, that may concern your after living well.

Amin. A will not tell me that he lies with her: if he do,

Something heavenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt

To thrust this arm of mine to acts unlawful.

King. You will suffer me to talk with her, *Amintor,*

And not have a jealous pang?

Amin. Sir, I dare trust my Wife

With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous.

King. How do you like *Amintor*?

Evad. As I did, Sir.

King. How's that?

Evad. As one that, to fulfil your Will and Pleasure,
I have given leave to call me Wife and Love.

King.

King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that break word with Heaven, will break agen
VVith all the VVorld, and so do'tt thou with me.

Evad. How, Sir?

King. This subtle VVomans ignorance
VVill not excuse you; thou hast taken Oaths
So great, methought they did not well become
A VVomans mouth, that thou wouldst ne're enjoy
A Man but me.

Evad. I never did swear so; you do me wrong.

King. Day and Night have heard it.

Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A Man of lower place; but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your Throne; I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes; but if I ever yet
Tought any other, Leprosie light here
Upon my face; which for your Royalty I would not stain.

King. VVhy, thou dissemblest, and it is in me to punish thee.

Evad. VVhy, it is in me then not to love you, which will
More afflict your body, than your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let *Amintor* lie with thee.

Evad. I hannot. *King.* Impudence! he says himself so.

Evad. A lyes. *King.* A does not.

Evad. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
Ple prove it so; I did not shun him for a night, wt
But told him I would never close with him.

King. Speak lower, 'tis false.

Evad. I'm no man to answer with a blow;
Or if I were, you are the King; but urge. He not, 'tis most true.

King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
VVith expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain,
As this our age hath known! what could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood;
But ruine thee for ever? if he had not kill'd thee;
He could not bear it thus; he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.

Evad. It is dissembling.

King. Take him; farewell; henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee, look for.

Evad. Stay, Sir; *Amintor*! you shall hear, *Amintor*!

Amint. VVhat my love?

Evad. *Amintor*, thou hast an ingenuous look,
And should'ft be vertuous; it amazeth me,

That thou canst make such base malicious lyes.

Amin. VVhat, my dear VVife?

Evad. Dear VVife! I do despise thee;
VVhy, nothing can be baser, than to sow
Dissention amongst Lovers?

Amin. Lovers! VVho?

Evad. The King and me.

Amin. O Heaven!

Evad. VVho should live long, and love without distaste,
VVere it not for such pickthanks as thy self?
Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punisht in Hell
For this.

Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair *Aspatia*, is not yet reveng'd,
It follows me; I will not lose a word
To this wild VVoman; but to you, my King,
The anguish of my Soul thrusts out this truth,
Yare a Tyrant; and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.

Evad. Now, Sir, see how loud this Fellow lyes.

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how
Men must right themselves: what punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed!
It is not death; nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your lives through all the Land,
To shew how nobly I have freed my self.

King. Draw not thy sword, thou knowest I cannot fear
A Subjects hand; but thou shalt feel the weight of this,
If thou dost rage.

Amin. The weight of that?
If you have any worth, for *Lovers* sake think
I fear not Swords; for as you are a meer Man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed;
As you dare think to do it; but there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: As you are any King,
I fall before you, and present my Sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs; yet should I murder you,
I might before the VVorld take the excuse
Of madness: for compare my injuries;
And they will well appear too far a weight
For reason to endure; but falls full
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things: but why? I know not what
I have to say; why did you chuse out me?

To make thus wretched? there were thousands fools
Easie to work on, and of state enough within the Island.

Evad. I would not have a fool, it were no credit for me.

Amint. Worse and worse!

Thou that dar'st talk unto thy Husband thus,
Profess thy self a Whore; and more than so,
Resolve to be so still; it is my Fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the World.
But there were wise ones too, you might have tane another.

King. No; for I believe thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amint. All the happiness

Bestow'd upon me, turns into disgrace;
Gods take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it; good my Lord the King, be private in it.

King. Thou may'st live, *Amintor*,
Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

Amint. A Bawd! hold, hold my breast, a bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are Religious, on another word
Sounded like that, and through a Sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life upon my Soul.

King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her,
And so leave you. [Exit King.]

Evad. You must be prating, and see what follows.

Amint. Prethee vex me not.

Leave me, I am afraid some sudden start
Will put a murther on me.

Evad. I am gone; I love my life well. [Exit Evadne.]

Amint. I hate mine as much.

This 'tis to break a troth; I should be glad
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. [Exit.]

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Ple know the cause of all *Amintor's* griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle. [Enter Calianax.]

Cal. Oh, *Melantius*, my Daughter will die.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry; would thou hadst tane her room.

Cal. Thou art a Slave, a cut-throat Slave, a bloody treacherous Slave.

Mel. Take heed, old man, thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine Offices.

Cal. I am valliant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a Slave.

Mel. Leave, some Company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. I'll spoil your mirth, I mean to fight with thee;
There lie my Cloak; this was my Father's Sword,
And he durst fight; are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou doat thy self out of thy life?
Hence get thee to bed, have careful looking to, and eat warm things,
and tronble not me: my head is full of thoughts more weighty than thy
life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in War, when you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight; you'll ground, I fear: Come draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke; there's no one blow
That thou can'st give, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far then; the power of Earth
Shall not redeem thee.

Cal. I must let him alone,
He's stout and able; and to say the truth,
However, I may set a face and talk,
I am not valiant: when I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick I had
Amongst Cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life, if you do stay.

Cal. I would give half my Land that I durst fight with that proud
Man a little: if I had men to hold, I would beat him till he ask me
mercy.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will go home; and beat my Servants all
over for this.

[Exit Calianax.]

Mel. This old Fellow haunts me,
But the distracted carriage of mine, *Amintor*
Takes deeply on me, I will find the cause,
I fear his Conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. Mens eyes are not so subtil to perceive
My inward misery; I bear my grief
Hid from the World; how art thou wretch'd then?
For ought I know, all Husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his VVife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes
As I am; would I knew it, for the rareness afflicts me now.

Mel. *Amintor*, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late, for we
were wont to charge our Souls in talk.

Amint. *Melantius*, I can tell thee a good jest of *Strato* and a Lady the
last day.

Mel. How wast?

Amint. VVhy such an odd one.

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you, not of an idle jest that's forc'd,
but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amint.

Amint. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observ'd, your words fall from your tongue
Wildly; and all your carriage,
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill-dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity:
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o're with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

Amint. A sadness here! what cause
Can Fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this Isle? the King
Rains greatness on me: have I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her Eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? no, I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were; faith, marry too,
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed appear another.

Mel. You may shape, *Amintor*,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And your self too; but 'tis not like a Friend,
To hide your Soul from me; 'tis not your nature
To be thus idle; I have seen you stand
As you were blasted; midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly: World! what do I here? a friend
Is nothing: Heaven! I would ha' told that man
My secret sins; I'd search an unknown Land,
And there plant friendship, all is withered here;
Come with a complement, I would have fought,
Or told my friend a lyed, e're sooth'd him so;
Out of my bosom. *Amint.* But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse; farewell;
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amint. *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

Mel. See how you play'd with friendship; be advis'd
How you give cause unto your self to say, You ha' lost a friend.

Amint. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o're-gone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do.—oh—oh—

Melan. Do not weep; what is't?

May I once but know the man

Hath turn'd my friend thus?

Amin. I had spoke at first, but that.

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most unfit

For you to know; faith do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keep Company

With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me;

For when I know the cause of thy distemper,

With mine own Armour I'll adorn my self,

My resolution, and cut through thy foes,

Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart

As peaceable as spotless innocence. What is it?

Amin. Why, 'tis this,——it is too big

To get out, let my tears make way a while.

Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape

Of life or fame, that brought this Youth to this?

Amin. Your Sister.

Mel. Well said.

Amin. You'll wish't unknown, when you have heard it.

Mel. No.

Amin. Is much too blame,

And to the King has given her honour up,

And lives in Whoredom with him.

Mel. How, this!

Thou art run mad with injury indeed,

Thou couldst not utter this else; speak again,

For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.

Amin. She's wanton; I am loth to say a Whore,

Though it be true.

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down; what are thy griefs?

Amin. By all our Friendship, these.

Mel. What? am I tame to thee?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend

Blot all our Family, and strike the brand

Of Whore upon my Sister unreveng'd?

My shaking flesh be thou a Witness for me;

With what unwillingness I go to scourge

This Railer, whom my folly hath call'd Friend;

I will not take thee basely; thy Sword

Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip

Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy Sword.

Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high

As the wild surges; thou shouldst do me ease

Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand

Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base and fearful! they that use to utter lyes,

Provide not blows, but words to qualify

The men they wrong'd; thou hast a guilty cause.

Amin.

Amin. Thou pleasest me: for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
Which is a passion easier to be born,
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take then more to raise thine anger. 'Tis meer
Cowardize makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead
However; but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.

Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our Magistrates their Swords,
To cut Offenders off; I knew before
'Twould grate your ears: but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it; I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.

Mel. Stay a while,
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the World besides; I was a Fool.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away; would I had died e're known
This sad dishonour; pardon me my friend;
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart,
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine; behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my Sister is a Whore,
A Leprous one, put up thy Sword, young man.

Amin. How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear my Friend that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on my self
Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better half the Land
Were buried quick together; no, *Aminitor*,
Thou shalt have ease: O this adulterous King
That drew her to't! where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?

Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you.

Mel. Why, not so much: the credit of our house
Is thrown away;
But from his Iron Den I'll waken death,
And hurle him on this King; my honesty
Shall steel my Sword, and on its horrid point

Ple wear my Cause, that shall amaze the eyes:
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

Amin. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Dry up thy watry eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my Face,
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee, still this swelling breast;
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find my Heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so; stay, mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but love and tears
Leave me a while, for I have hazarded
All this World calls happy; thou has wrought
A secret from me under name of Friend,
Which Art could ne're have found, not torture wrung
From out my Bosome; give it me, agen,
For I will find it, wherefoe're it lies
Hid in the mortal'st part; invent a way to give it back.

Mel. Why, would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, and shame me
To posterity: take to thy Weapon.

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.

Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I—

Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can inforce me to be;
I cannot linger, draw.

Mel. I do———but is not
My share of credit equal with thine if I do stir.

Amin. No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to spill thy Sister's blood;
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful Cuckold———O that word! be quick.

Mel. Then joyn with me.

Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would: be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin.
His grief distracts him; call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy self pronounce the name of Friend,
And see what that will work; I will not fight.

Amin. You must.

Mel. I will be kill'd first, though my passions
Offered the like to you; 'tis not this Earth
Shall buy my reason to it; I think a while

For you are (*I* must weep when *I* speak that)
Almost besides your self.

Amin. Oh my 'oft temper!

So many sweet words from thy Sister's mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. *I* am mad indeed,
And know not what *I* do; yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.

Mel. Why thinks my friend *I* will forget his honour, or to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the Throne of Majesty?

Amint. A curse will follow that, but rather live,
And suffer with me.

Mel. *I* will do what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Amint. Faith, *I* am sick, and desperately *I* hope,
Yet leaning thus, *I* feel a kind of ease.

Mel. Come, take agen your mirth about you.

Amin. *I* shall never do't.

Mel. *I* warrant you, look up, we'll walk together,
Put thine arm here, all shall be well agen.

Amint. Thy Love, O wretched, *I* thy Love, *Melantius*; why, *I* have
nothing else.

Mel. be merry then.

[*Exeunt. Enter Melantius agen.*]

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself, but *I* have cherisht him,
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit again; Sword, hold thine edge,
My heart will never fail me: *Diphilus*,
Thou com'st as sent.

[*Enter Diphilus.*]

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why, our Sister and the King,
I thought their spleens would break,
They laught us all out of the room.

Mel. They must weep, *Diphilus.* *Diph.* Must they?

Mel. They must: thou art my brother, and if *I* did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, *I* would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Diph. You should not, *I* would first mangle my self, and find it.

Mel. That was spoke according to our strain; come
Joyn thy hands to mine,
And swear a firmness to what project *I* shall lay before thee.

Diph. You do wrong us both;
People hereafter shall not say there past
A Bond more than our loves, to tye our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as *I* would wish;

Anon I'll tell you wonders ; we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right our selves.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the Armor in my house ;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too ;
Haste, *Diphilus*, the time requires it, haste.

[*Exit Diphilus.*

I hope my Cause is just, I know my blood
Tells me it is, and I will credit it :

To take revenge, and lose my self withal,
Were idle ; and to 'scape impossible,

Without I had the Fort, which misery
Remaining in the hands of my old Enemy

Calianax, but I must have it, see

[*Enter Calianax.*

Where he comes shaking by me : Good my Lord,

Forget your spleen to me, I never wrong'd you,

But would have peace with every man.

Cal. 'Tis well ;

If I durst fight, your tongue would lye at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchy without all cause. *Cal.* Do, mock me.

Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.

Cal. Honour ? where is't ?

Mel. See, what starts you make into, your hatred to my love and freedom to you. ———

I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.

Cal. A suit of me ! 'tis very like it should be granted, Sir.

Mel. Nay, go not hence ;

'Tis this ; you have the keeping of the Fort,

And I would wish you by the love you ought

To bear unto me, to deliver it into my hands.

Cal. I am in hopes that thou art mad, to talk to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it. I would kill the King
that wrong'd you and your Daughter.

Cal. Out Traytor !

Mel. Nay but stay ; I cannot 'scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this Fort.

Cal. And should I help thee ? now thy treacherous mind betrays it
self.

Mel. Come, delay me not ;

Give me a sudden answer, or already

Thy last is spoke ; refuse not offered love,

When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If I say I will not, he will kill me, I do see't writ
In his looks ; and should I say I will, he'll run and tell the
King : I do not shun your friendship, dear *Melantius*,
But this cause is weighty, give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it——I know this goes unto the King,
But I am arm'd.

[*Exit Melantius.*

Cal. Methinks I feel my self

But

But twenty now agen ; this fighting fool
Wants policy ; I shall revenge my Girl,
And make her red again ; I pray, my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them,
I shall want breath before I find the King.

ACT IV.

Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a Lady.

Melan. **S**Ave you.

Evad. **S**ave you, sweet Brother.

Mel. In my blunt eye methinks you look, *Evadne.*

Evad. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would, *Evadne*, I shall displease my ends else.

Evad. You shall, if you command me ; I am bashful ;
Come, Sir, how do I look ?

Mel. I would not have your Women hear me
Break into commendation of you, 'tis not seemly.

Evad. Go wait me in the Gallery—now speak.

Mel. I'll lock the door first.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Evad. Why ?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things that dance in visitation with
their Millan-skins choke up my business.

Evad. You are strangely dispos'd, Sir.

Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry.

Evad. No, if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Evad. Brother, the Court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.

Mel. I praise the Court for't ; has it learned you nothing ?

Evad. Me ?

Mel. I, *Evadne*, thou art young and handsome,
A Lady of a sweet Complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a Kingdom. *Evad.* Gentle Brother !

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy remembrance, foolish Woman,
To make me gentle. *Evad.* How is this ?

Mel. 'Tis base,
And I could blush at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parly.

Evad. I understand you not.

Mel. You dare not, Fool ;
They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

Evad. My faults, Sir ! I would have you know I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill another Woman,
Though she had Twins within her.

Evad. This is sawcy;
Look you intrude no more, there lyes your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and *I* will tread upon thee,
Till *I* find truth out.

Evad. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long lost Honour: would the Gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the Plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts; come tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.

Evad. How, Sir? Where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people in every place.

Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people;
Believe them not, they lyed.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, Wretch,
I come to know that desperate Fool that drew thee
From thy fair life; be wise and lay him open.

Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners, such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose Whore you are, for you are one, *I* know it.
Let all mine Honours perish but *I*le find him,
Though he lie lock't up in thy blood; be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flattered;
The burnt Air when the *Dog* raigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the Gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.

Evad. Be gone, you are my Brother, that's your safety.

Mel. *I*le be a Wolf first; 'tis to be thy Brother
An infamy below the sin of a Coward:

I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy Vertue; seek a kindred
Mongst sensual Beasts, and make a Goat thy Brother,
A Goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, *I* shall tell you,
*I*le ha you whipt; get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels,
And tell them what a brave man you are; *I* shall laugh at you.

Mel. Yare grown a glorious Whore; where be your
Fighters? what mortal Fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And *I* alive? by my just Sword, had safer
Bestride a Biflow when the angry *North*
Plows up the Sea, or made Heavens fire his food;
Work me no higher; will you discover yet?

Evad. The fellow's mad, sleep and speak sense.

Mel. Force my swoln heart no further; I would save thee; your great maintainers are not here, they dare not, would they were all, and armed, I would speak loud; here's one should thunder to 'em: will you tell me? Thou hast no hope to 'scape; he that dares most, and damns away his Soul to do thee service, will sooner fetch meat from a hungry Lion, than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee: has undone thine Honour, poyson'd thy Vertue, and of a lovely Rose, left thee a Canker.

Evad. Let me consider.

Mel. Do, whose Child thou wert,
Whose Honour thou hast murdered, whose Grave open'd,
They must restore him flesh agen and life,
And so pull'd on the Gods, that in their justice,
And raise his dry bones to revenge his scandal.

Evad. The Gods are not of my mind; they had better let 'em lye sweet still in the Earth; they'll stink here.

Mel. Do you raise much out of my easiness?
Forfake me then all weaknesses of nature,
That make Men Women; speak you Whore, speak truth,
Or by the dear Soul of thy sleeping Father,
This Sword shall be thy Lover; tell, or I'll kill thee;
And when thou hast told all, thou will deserve it.

Evad. You will not murder me!

Mel. No, 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.

Evad. Help!

Mel. By thy foul self, no humane help shall help thee,
If thou criest; when I have kill'd thee, as I have
Vow'd to do, if thou confests not, naked as thou hast left
Thine Honour, will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh, the World may read
Thy black shame, and my justice; wilt thou bend yet?

Evad. Yes. *Mel.* Up and begin your story.

Evad. Oh, I am miserable.

Mel. 'Tis true; thou art, speak truth still.

Evad. I have offended, noble Sir; forgive me.

Mel. With what secure slave?

Evad. Do not ask me, Sir,
Mine own remembrance is a misery too mighty for me.

Mel. Do not fall back again; my sword's unsheath'd yet.

Evad. What shall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.

Evad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a killing thee.

Evad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay, I must ask mine Honour first, I have too much foolish Nature in me; speak.

Evad.

Evad. Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearful Conscience, that's too many. Who is't?

Evad. O hear me gently; it was the King.

Mel. No more. My worthy Father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: these are Souldiers thanks.

How long have you liv'd thus *Evadne*? *Evad.* Too long.

Mel. Too late you find it; can you be sorry?

Evad. Would I were half as blameless.

Mel. *Evadne*, thou wilt to thy Trade again.

Evad. First to my grave.

Mel. Would Gods th' hadst been so blest:

Dost thou not hate this King now? prethee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee curse him
Curse till the Gods hear, and deliver him,
To thy just wishes; yet I fear, *Evadne*,
You had rather play your Game out.

Evad. No, I feel

Too many sad confusions here to let in any loose flame hereafter.

Mel. Dost thou not feel amongst all those one brave anger
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm to kill this base King?

Evad. All the Gods forbid it.

Mel. No, all the Gods require it, they are dishonoured in him.

Evad. 'Tis too fearful.

Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale Whore, and have your Madams name
Discourse for Grooms and Pages, and hereafter
When his cool Majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy Sir
For Meat and courier Clothes, thus far you know no fear.
Come, you shall kill him. *Evad.* Good Sir!

Mel. And 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'd smother him;
Be wife and kill him: Canst thou live and know
What noble minds shall make thee see thy self
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all Successions, and in this great ruine
Thy Brother and thy noble Husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus; kneel and swear to help me
When I shall call thee to it, or by all
Holy in Heaven and Earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer, not a thought:
Come, 'tis a righteous Oath: give me thy hand,
And both to Heaven held up, swear by that wealth
This lustful Thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let this foul Soul out.

Evad. Here I swear it,

And

And all you Spirits of abused Ladies,
Help me in this performance.

Mel. Enough ; this must be known to none
But you and I, *Evadne* ; not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action,
As the most daring, I as far as Justice.
Ask me not why. Farewel.

[Exit Mel.

Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace,
Oh where have I been all this time ! how friended,
That I should lose my self thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wandred ?
There is not in the compass of the Light
A more unhappy Creature ; sure I am monstrous,
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs
Would dare a woman. O my loaden Soul,
Be not so cruel to me, choak not up
The way to my Repentance. O my Lord.

[Enter Amintor.

Amin. How now ?

Evad. My much abused Lord !

Amin. This cannot be.

[Kneels.

Evad. I do not kneel to live, I dare not hope it ;
The wrongs I did are greater ; look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is no new way to beget more sorrow ;
Heaven knows I have too many ; do not mock me ;
Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap
Like a hand-wolf into my natural Wilderness,
And do an out-rage ; prethee do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my Repentance ; I would buy your Pardon,
Though at the highest set, even with my life ;
That slight Contrition, that's no Sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazle,
There cannot be a faith in that foul Woman
That knows no God more mighty than her Mischiefs ;
Thou dost still worst, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any Seed of Virtue in that Woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is, O *Evadne* !
Would there were any safety in thy Sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy Repentance ; but I must not ;

Thou

Thou hast brought me to the dull calamity,
 To that strange misbelief of all the world,
 And all things that are in it, that *I* fear
I shall fall like a Tree, and find my Grave,
 Only remembring that *I* grieve.

Evad. My Lord,
 Give me your Griefs; you are an innocent,
 A Soul as white as Heaven; let not my Sins
 Perish your noble Youth; *I* do not fall here
 To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
 As all say Women can, or to make less
 What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
 Know to be tougher than the hand of time
 Can cut from mans remembrance; no *I* do not;
I do appear the same, the same *Evadne*,
 Drest in the shames *I* liv'd in, the same Monster.
 But these are names of honour, to what *I* am;
I do present my self the foulest creature,
 Most poysonous, dangerous, and despis'd of Men,
Lerna e're bred, or *Nilus*; *I* am hell,
 Till you, my dear Lord, shoot your light into me,
 The Beams of your forgiveness; *I* am Soul-sick,
 And whether with the fear of one condemn'd,
 Till *I* have got your Pardon.

Amin. Rise, *Evadne*.

Those heavenly Powers that put this good into thee,
 Grant a continuance of it; *I* forgive thee,
 Make my self worthy of it, and take heed,
 Take heed, *Evadne*, this be serious;
 Mock not the Powers above, that can and dare
 Give thee a great example of their justice
 To all ensuing eyes, if thou play'st
 With thy Repentance, the best Sacrifice.

Evad. *I* have done nothing good to win belief,
 My Life hath been so faithless; all the Creatures
 Made for Heavens honours have their ends, and good ones,
 All but the couzening *Crocodiles*, false Women;
 They reign here like those Plagues, those killing sores
 Men pray against; and when they die, like Tales
 Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
 And go to dust forgotten: But, my Lord,
 Those short days *I* shall number to my rest,
 (As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
 Though in my Evening, yet perceive a will,
 Since *I* can do no good because a woman,
 Reach constantly at something that is near it;
I will redeem one minute of my Age,

Or, like another *Niobe*, I'll weep till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved:

My frozen Soul melts: may each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy: Rise, I am at peace:
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that Devil King tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a Star; give me thy hand;
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy *Amintor*;
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the Gods to give thee happy days;
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance, for which thus I kiss thee,
The last kiss we must take; and would to Heaven
The holy Priest that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal virtues; go *Evadne*,
The Gods thus part our bodies, have a care
My Honour falls no farther, I am well then.

Evad. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter
Crown thy fair Soul; thus I take leave, my Lord,
And never shall you see the foul *Evadne*,
Till sh'ave tryed all honoured means that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax.

[*Exeunt.*
[*Hoboyes play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his Enemy.

Cal. I am sure he said it to me, and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

King. But did he break without all circumstance
To you his Foe, that he would have the Fort
To kill me, and then escape?

Cal. If he deny it, I'll make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.

Cal. I, so does every thing I say of late.

King. Not so, *Calianax*.

Cal. Yes, I should sit

Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

King. Well, I will try him, and if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it; it's be false,
And that you cloath your hate in such a lye,
You shall hereafter doat in your own House, not in the Court.

Cal. Why, if it be a lye,
Mine ears are false; for I'll be sworn I heard it:
Old men are good for nothing; you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him

For meaning of it ; you would a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.

King. And will still where I may do with justice to the World ;
You have no witness. *Cal.* Yes, my self.

King. No more I mean there were that heard it.

Cal. How, no more ? would you have no more ? why, am not
I enough to hang a thousand Rogues ?

King. But so you may hang honest men too, if you please.

Cal. I may, 'tis like I will do so ; there are a hundred will swear it for
a need too, if I say it. *King.* Such witnesses we need not.

Cal. And 'tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous Knave.

King. Enough ; where's *Strato* ? *Str.* Sir ! [Enter *Strato*.

King. Why, where's all the company ? call *Amintor* in.

Evadne, where's my Brother, and *Melantius* ?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus* ; call all [Exit *Strato*.

That are without there ; if he should desire

The combat of you, 'tis not in the power

Of all our Laws to hinder it, unless we mean to quit 'em.

Cal. Why, if you do think

'Tis fit an old man and a Counsellor,

To fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter Amin. *Evad.* *Mel.* *Diph.* *Lipfi.* *Cle.* *Str.* *Diag.*

King. Come, Sirs, *Amintor*, thou art yet a Bridegroom,

And I will use thee so ; thou shalt sit down ;

Evadne, sit, and you, *Amintor*, too ;

This Banquet is for you, Sir : Who has brought

A merry Tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongst our Wine ? Why, *Strato*, where art thou ?

Thou wilt chop out with them useasonably

When I desire 'em not.

Strato. 'Tis my ill luck, Sir, so to spend them then.

King. Reach me a Bowl of Wine : *Melantius*, thou art sad.

Amin. I should be, Sir, the merriest here,

But I ha' ne're a story of mine own

Worth telling at this time.

King. Give me the wine,

Melantius, I am now considering

How easie 'twere for any man we trust

To poison one of us in such a Bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard, Sir, for a Knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. I faith 'twere easie, it becomes us well

To get plain-dealing men about our selves,

Such as you all are here ; *Amintor*, to thee

And to thy fair *Evadne*.

Mel. Have you thought of this, *Calianax* ?

[Aside.

Cal. Yes marry have I. *Mel.* And what's your resolution ?

Cal.

Cal. Ye shall have it soundly.

King. Reach to *Amintor*, *Strato*.

Amin. Here my love,

This Wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks, and till thou dost a fault, 'twere pity.

King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our State;
He could not escape that did it.

Mel. Were he known, impossible.

King. It would be known, *Melantius*.

Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword,
He need not flee the Island, he must leave no one alive.

King. No, I should think no man
Could kill me and scape clear, but that old man.

Cal. But I? Heaven blefs me; I, should I, my Liege?

King. I do not think thou would'st, but yet thou might'st,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,
By keeping of the Fort; he has, *Melantius*, and he has kept it well.

Mel. From cobwebs, Sir,
'Tis clean swept; I can find no other art
In keeping of it now, 'twas ne're besieg'd since he commanded,

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I have kept it safe from such as you.

Mel. Keep your ill temper in,
I speak no malice, had my Brother kept it, I should ha' said as much.

King. You are not merry, Brother; drink wine,

Sit you all still: *Calianax*,

[*Aside.*

I cannot trust thus; I have thrown out words
That would have fetcht warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd, he knows no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may escape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.

King. A must, if he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whil'st we point at him,
You see he does not.

Cal. Let him hang himself,
What care I what he does; this he did say.

King. *Melantius*, you cannot easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss; but I forgive
Freely before this man; Heaven do so too;
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Cal. Why, this is very fine.

Mel. I cannot tell

What 'tis you mean, but am apt enough
 Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
 But let me know it; happily 'tis nought
 But misconstruction, and where I am clear
 I will not take forgiveness of the Gods, much less of you.

King. Nay, if you stand so stiff, I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothness

To thank a man for pardoning of a crime I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you my ears are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the Fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me, Sir, my bluntness will be pardoned;

You preserve

A race of idle people here about you,
 Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth
 Of those that do things worthy; the man that uttered this
 Had perisht without food, be't who it will,
 But for this arm that fenc't him from the Foe.
 And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
 The plainness of my nature would speak more;
 Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
 To kill him that spake this.

Cal. I, that will be the end of all,
 Then I am fairly paid for all my care and service.

Mel. That old man who calls me enemy, and of whom I
 (Though I will never match my hate so low)
 Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
 And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak to me of it thy self?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough,
 But I ha' lost my anger. Sir, I hope you are well satisfied.

King. Lisp. hear *Amintor* and his Lady; there's no sound
 Come from you; I will come and do't my self.

Amint. You have done already, Sir, for me, I thank you.

King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
 How slight foe're you mak't.

Cal. 'Tis strange you should.

Mel. 'Tis strange he should believe an old mans word,
 That never lied in his life.

Mel. I talk not to thee;
 Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
 Frantick with age and sorrow, make a breach
 Betwixt your Maiesty and me? 'twas wrong
 To hearken to him; but to credit him
 As much, at least, as I have power to bear.

But pardon me, whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend my self——I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too : when I was a Boy,
I thrust my self into my Countries cause,
And did a deed that pluck't five years from time,
And stil'd me Man then ; And for you, my King,
Your Subjects all have fed by virtue of my arm.
This sword of mine hath plow'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace ;
And you your self have liv'd at home in ease :
So terrible I grew, that without Swords
My name hath fetcht you Conquest, and my heart
And limbs are still the same ; my will is great
To do you service, let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius, I held it great injustice to believe
Thine Enemy, and did not ; if I did,
I do not, let that satisfie : what struck
With sadness all ? More wine !

Cal. A few fine words have overthrown my truth,
A, th'art a Villain.

Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the Fort,
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever ;
There shall no credit lie upon thy words ;
Think better and deliver it.

[*Aside.*

Cal. My Liege, he's at me now again to do it ; speak,
Deny it if thou canst ; examine him
Whilst he's hot, for he'll cool again, he will forswear it.

King. This is Lunacy, I hope, *Melantius*.

Mel. He hath lost himself
Much since his Daughter mist the happiness
My Sister gain'd ; and though he call me Foe, I pity him.

Cal. Pity ! a Pox upon you.

King. Mark his disordered words, and at the Mask.

Mel. *Diagoras* knows her aged, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a Lady Whore, so innocent
She understood him not ; but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgive distraction,
Pardon him as I do.

Cal. Ple not speak for thee, for all thy cunning ; if you will be safe,
chop off his head, for there was never known so impudent a Rascal.

King. Some that love him, get him to bed : why, pity should
not let age make it self contemptible ; we must be all old, have him
away.

Mel. Calianax, the King believes you ; come, you shall go

Home,

Home, and rest; you ha' done well; you'll give it up
When I ha' us'd you thus a Months, I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, Sir, he does move me still;
He says he knows I'll give him up the Fort,
When he has us'd me thus a Month: I am mad,
Am I not still? *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus;
Why would you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no vertue in him, all's in his Sword)
Before me? do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an Ass, and I am a very Fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, *Calianax*; but if you use
This once again, I shall intreat some other
To see your Offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry, Gentlemen, it grows somewhat late.

Amintor, thou wouldst be abed again.

Amin. Yes, Sir.

King. And you, *Evadne*; let me take thee in my Arms, *Melantius*,
and believe thou art as thou deservest to be, my friend still, and for
ever. Good *Calianax*,

Sleep soundly, it will bring thee to thy self.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Manent Mel. and Cal.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope,
I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your Tongue,
And that's the strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I do look for some great Punishment for this,
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And tak't unkindly that mine Enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses; I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thoult'nt anger me agen; thou wretched Rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King;
Lose all my Offices! this is no hurt,
Is it? I prethee what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poyson men because they love me not;
To call the credit of mens wives in question;
To murder Children betwixt me and Land; this is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse; but use thy will with me;
For betwixt Grief and Anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou mayst revenge.

Cal. I oth' King; I would revenge of thee.

Mel. That you must plot your self.

Cal.

Cal. I am a fine Plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishness,
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy Grave :
But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers ; thou shalt hold thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the King, canst thou deny't again?

Mel. Try and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou canst bring any thing about ;
Thou shalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right us both ; give me thy aged Breast
To compass.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet ;
I cannot well endure to look on thee ;
And if I thought it were a courtesie,
Thou should'st not have it ; but I am disgrac'd ;
My Offices are to be tane away ;
And if I did but hold this Fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried ;
Ne're thank me for't ; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of ;
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. He'll buy that knowledge very dearly :
What News with thee ?

[Enter Diphilus.

Diph. This were a night indeed to do it in ;
The King hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall perform it then ; go, *Diphilus*,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The Fort ; he'll give it thee.

Diph. Ha' you got that ?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed ? canst thou deny
This to the King too ?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith, like enough.

Mel. Away and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole strain : if thou follow me a great
way off, I'll give thee up the Fort ; and hang your selves.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. He's finely wrought.

[Exeunt *Cal.* *Diph.*

Mel. This is a night in spight of Astronomers
To do the deed in ; I will wash the stain
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. *Melantius*, now assist me if thou beest

That

That which thou sayst, assist me ; I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage so pleasing ; help me.

Mel. Who can see him thus,

And not swear vengeance ? what's the matter, Friend ?

Amin. Out with thy Sword ; and hand in hand with me
Rush to the Chamber of this hated King,

And sink him with the weight of all his sins to Hell for ever.

Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety ; let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passions.

Amin. If thou refuselt me in these extremas,
Thou art no friend : he sent for her to me ;
By Heaven to me ; myself ; and I must tell ye
I love her as a stranger ; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, *Melantius* ;
And she repents. I'll do't my self alone,
Though I be slain. Farewel.

Mel. He'll overthrow my whole design with madness.

Aminor, think what thou dost ; I dare as much as valour ;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Aminor*,
With whom thou fightest ; I know he's honest ;
And this will work with him.

Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said ; but thou hast charm'd my Sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here defenceless.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.

Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man !
The thing that we call Honour bears us all
Headlong unto sin, and yet it self is nothing.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts ?

Amin. Just like my Fortunes ; I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for.
Some plot I did distrust thou hadst against the King
By that old Fellows carriage ; but take heed ;
There is not the least limb growing to a King,
But carries Thunder in it.

Mel. I have none against him.

Amin. Why ? come then, and still remember we may not
think revenge.

Mel. I will remember.

A C T V.

Enter Evadne and a Gentleman.

Evad. Sir, is the King abed ?

Gent. Madam, an hour ago.

Evad. Give me the Key then, and let none be near ;

'Tis

'Tis the King's pleasure :

Gent. I understand you, Madam, would 'twere mine.

I must not wish good rest unto your Ladyship.

Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, Madam ; but the King will wake,
And then.

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray good night, Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, Madam ;
I am gone.

Evad. The night grows horrible, and all about me

Like my black purpose ; Oh the Conscience

[*King abed.*

Of a lost Virgin ; whither wilt thou pull me ?

To what things dismal, as the depth of hell,

Wilt thou provoke me ? Let no man dare

From this hour be disloyal ; if her heart

Be flesh, if she have blood ; and can fear, 'tis a daring

Above that desperate Fool that left his peace,

And went to Sea to fight ; 'tis so many sins

An Age cannot prevent 'em ; and so great,

The Gods want mercy for ; yet I must through 'em.

I have begun a slaughter on my honour,

And I must end it there ; asleeps, good heavens !

Why give you peace to this untemperate Beast

That hath so long transgressed you ? I must kill him,

And I will do't bravely : the meer joy

Tells me I merit in it ; yet I must not

Thus tamely do it as he sleeps ; that were

To rock him to another World ; my vengeance

Shall take him waking, and then lay before him

The number of his wrongs and punishments.

I'll shake his sins like Furies, till I waken

His evil Angel, his sick Conscience ;

And then I'll strike him dead : King, by your leave ; [*Ties his arms to the bed.*

I dare not trust your strength ; your grace and I

Must grapple upon even terms no more ;

So, if he rail me not from my resolution,

I shall be strong enough.

My Lord the King, my Lord, asleeps

As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord ;

Is he not dead already ? Sir, my Lord.

King. Who's that ?

Evad. O you sleep soundly, Sir !

King. My dear *Evadne*,

I have been dreaming of thee ; come to bed.

Evad. I am come at length, Sir, but how welcome ?

King. What pretty new device is this, *Evadne* ?

What do you tie me to you by my love ?

This is a quaint one : come, my dear, and kiss me ;

Ple be thy *Mrs.*, to bed, my Queen of Love ;
 Let us be caught together, that the Gods may see,
 And envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, Sir, stay ;
 You are too hot, and I have brought you Phylick
 To temper your high veins.

King. Prethee to bed then ; let me take it warm,
 There you shall know the state of my body better,

Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul Body,
 And you must bleed.

King. Bleed !

Evad. I, you shall bleed ; I ye still, and if the Devil,
 Your lust will give you leave, repent ; this steel
 Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
 King, my fair name, which nothing but thy death
 Can answer to the world.

King. How's this, *Evadne* ?

Evad. I am not she ; nor bear I in this breast
 So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman ;
 I a Tyger ; I am any thing
 That knows not pity ; stir not, if thou dost,
 Ple take thee unprepar'd ; thy fears upon thee,
 That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
 (By my revenge I will) to look those torments
 Prepar'd for such black Souls.

King. Thou dost not mean this ; 'tis impossible ;
 Thou art two sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not ;
 I am as foul as thou art, and can number
 As many such Hells here : I was once fair ;
 Once I was lovely ; not a blowing rose
 More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
 (Stir not) didst poyson me ; I was a world of vertue,
 Till your curst Court and you (Hell bless you for't)
 With your temptations on temptations
 Made me give up mine honour ; for which (King)
 I am come to kill thee.

King. No.

Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not.

I prethee speak not these things ? thou art gentle,
 And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace, and hear me.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,
 To those above us ; by whose lights I vow,
 Those blessed fires that not to see our sin,
 If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,

I would kill that too, which being past my steel,
My tongue shall teach : Thou art a shameless Villain,
A thing out of the overchange of nature ;
Sent like a thick cloud to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women ; such a Tyrant,
That for his lust would fell away his Subjects,
I, all his heaven hereafter.

King. Hear, *Evadne*,
Thou Soul of sweetness ! hear, I am thy King !

Evad. Thou art my shame ; lie still, there's none about you,
Within your cries ; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams ; thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance.

[*Stabs him.*]

King. Hold, *Evadne* !
I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean, Sir,
To part so fairly with you ; we must change
More of these Love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody Villain
Provok't thee to this murder ?

Evad. Thou, thou Monster.

King. Oh !

Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at Court, and whor'd me ;
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman ; King :
And whor'd me still.

King. *Evadne*, pity me.

Evad. Hell take me then ; this for my Lord *Aminor* ;
This for my noble Brother ; and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women.

[*Kills him.*]

King. Oh, I dye.

Evad. Dye all our faults together ; I forgive thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now she's gone, let's enter, the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench, we'll have a snap at her one of these nights as she goes from him.

1. Content : how quickly he had done with her ! I see Kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.

2. How fast he is ! I cannot hear him breathe.

1. Either the Tapers give a feeble light, or he looks very pale.

2. And so he does, pray heaven he be well.

Let's look : Alas, he's stiff, wounded and dead :

Treason, treason !

1. Run forth and call.

[*Exit Gent.*]

2. Treason, treason !

1. This will be laid on us : who can believe
A woman could do this ?

Enter Cleon and Licippus:

Cleon. How now, where's the Traytor?

1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies still.

Cle. Her act! a woman!

Lif. Where's the body?

1. There.

Lif. Farewell, thou worthy man; there were two bonds

That tyed our loves, a Brother and a King;

The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:

But such the misery of greatness is,

They have no time to mourn; then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she?

[*Enter Strato.*

Strat. Never follow her,

For she, alas, was but the instrument.

News is now brought in, that *Melantius*

Has got the Fort, and stands upon the wall;

And with a loud voice calls those few that pass

At this dead time of night, delivering

The innocent of this act.

Lif. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Strat. We do acknowledge it.

Lif. I would I were not: follow all; for this must have a sudden
stop. [Exit.

Enter Melant. Diph. Cal. on the Wall.

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd.

Be constant, *Diphilus*; now we have time,

Either to bring our banisht honour's home;

Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I fear not;

My spirit lyes not that way. Courage, *Calianax*:

Cal. Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.

Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows;

You were born to be my end; the Devil take you.

Now must I hang for company; 'tis strange

I should be old; and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lifp. Diag. Cleon. Strat. Guard.

Lifp. See where he stands as boldly confident,

As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He looks as if he had the better cause; Sir,

Under your gracious pardon let me speak it;

Though he be mighty-spirited and forward

To all great things; to all things of that danger,

Worse men shake at the telling of; yet certainly

I do believe him noble, and this action

Rather pull'd on than sought; his mind was ever

As worthy as his hand.

Lif. 'Tis my fear too;

Heaven forgive all: summon him, Lord *Cleon*.

Cleon.

Cleon. Ho from the walls there.

Mel. Worthy *Cleon*, welcome;

We could have wish't you here, Lord; you are honest.

Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a Knave, though I dare not tell thee:
[*Aside.*]

Lis. *Melantius.*

Mel. Sir.

Lis. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old Love
Never requir'd such distance; pray heaven
You have not left your self, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour; you have lost
A noble Master, which your faith, *Melantius*,
Some think might have preserv'd; yet you know best.

Cal. When time was I was mad; some that dares
Fight I hope will pay this Rascal.

Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy Brother,
Whilst he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour;
Pull'd people from the farthest Sun to seek him;
And by his friendship, I was then his Souldier;
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never cur'd dishonour of my Sister;
Base stain of Whore; and which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like my self;
Thus have I flung him off with my Allegiance,
And stand here mine own justice to revenge
What I have suffered in him; and this old man
Wrong'd almost to Lunacy.

Cal. Who I? you wou'd draw me in: I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this;

'Tis no ambition to lift up my self,
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a Subject, so I may be freed;
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly Town; be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

Strat. Be sudden, Sir, to tie
All again; what's done is past recal,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this;
Throw him the blank.

Lis. *Melantius*, write in that thy choice;
My Seal is at it.

Mel. It was our honour drew us to this act,

Not gain; and we will only work our pardon.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us but now, *Calianax.*

Cal. That's all one;

I'll not be hanged hereafter by a trick;

I'll have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall:

Come to the back Gate, and we'll call you King,

And give you up the Fort.

Lis. Away, away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Aspatia in Mans Apparel.

Asp. This is my fatal hour; heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest;
And put a Womans heart into my breast;
It is more honour for you that I die;
For she that can endure the Misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you, Sir.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Ser. And you, Sir; what's your Business?

Asp. With you, Sir, now, to do me the office
To help me to your Lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. I'll do him any service; but to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire to speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would be loth to delay
you any longer: you cannot.

Asp. It shall become you though to tell your Lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with no body.

Asp. This is most strange: art thou Gold-proof? there's for thee;
help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry, Sir, I'll do my best.

[*Exit.*]

Asp. How stubbornly this Fellow answer'd me;
There is a vile dishonest trick in Man,
More than in Women: all the Men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond Women
Harbour the easiest and smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so; it is unjust
That Men and Women should be matcht together.

Enter Amintor and his Man.

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my Lord.

Amin. What would you, Sir?

Asp.

Asp. Please it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the room; *I* shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us.

Asp. O that that shape should bury falshood in it.

[*Aside.*

Amin. Now your will, Sir.

Asp. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must guess
My business; and *I* am not hard to know;
For till the change of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My Sister's Picture, and her mine; in short,
I am the Brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Amin. The wrong'd *Aspatia*; would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd *Aminor*; let me kiss
That hand of thine in honour that *I* bear
Unto the wrong'd *Aspatia*; here *I* stand
That did it; would he could not; gentle youth,
Leave me, for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and *I* have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. *I* would *I* could with credit:
Since *I* was twelve years old *I* had not seen
My Sister till this hour; *I* now arriv'd;
She sent for me to see her Marriage,
A woful one; but they that are above,
Have ends in every thing; she us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injury you did her;
That little training *I* have had, is war;
I may behave my self rudely in peace;
I would not though; *I* shall not need to tell you
I am but young; and you would be loth to lose
Honour that is not easily gain'd again;
Fairly *I* mean to deal; the age is strict
For single combates, and we shall be stopt
If it be publish't; if you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou be'st such, think not *I* will maintain
So strange a wrong; and for thy Sister's sake,
Know that *I* could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet to enjoy this world
I would not see her; for beholding thee,
I am *I* know not what; if *I* have ought

That

That may content thee, take it and be gone ;
 For death is not so terrible as thou ;
 Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus she swore

Thou would'st behave thy self, and give me words
 That would fetch tears into mine eyes, and so
 Thou dost indeed ; but yet she bade me watch,
 Lest *I* were couzen'd, and be sure to fight e're *I* return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me ;

For her Ple die directly, but against her will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd ; *I* do not deal uncivilly with those that
 Dare to fight ; but such a one as you
 Must be us'd thus.

[*She strikes him.*

Amin. Prethee, Youth, take heed ;
 Thy Sister is a thing to me so much
 Above mine honour, that *I* can endure
 All this ; good Gods—a blow *I* can endure ;
 But stay not, lest thou draw timely death upon thy self.

Asp. Thou art some prating Fellow,
 One that has studyed out a trick to talk
 And move soft-hearted people ; to be kickt,
 Thus to be kickt—why should he be so slow
 In giving me my death ?

[*She kicks him.*

[*Aside.*

Amin. A man can bear
 No more and keep his flesh ; forgive me then ;
I would endure yet, if *I* could ; now shew
 The Spirit thou pretendest, and understand
 Thou hast no honour to live :

[*They fight.*

What dost thou mean ? thou canst not fight :
 The blows thou mak'st at me are quite besides ;
 And those *I* offer at thee, thou spread'st thine arms,
 And tak'st upon thy breast, alas, defenceless.

Asp. I have got enough,
 And my desire ; there's no place so fit for me to die as here. [Enter *Evad.*

Evad. Amintor, *I* am loaden with events
 That lie to make thee happy ; *I* have joys
 That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
 And settle thee in thy free state again ;

[*Her hands bloody with a
 Knife.*

It is *Evadne* still that follows thee, but not her mischiefs.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe agen ;
 But thou hast looks and things so full of news, that *I* am stay'd.

Evad. Noble *Amintor*, put off thy amaze ;
 Let thine eyes loose, and speak, Am *I* not fair ?
 Looks not *Evadne* beauteous with these rites now ?
 Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
 When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foul within to look fair then ;

Since

Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which it seems thy tongue hath lost :
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a Knife.

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine ;
Joy to *Aminor*, for the King is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why ? thou hast rais'd up mischief to this height,
And found out one to out-name thy other faults ;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continual ill ;
Black is thy Colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to *Aminor* ! thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done ; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Could'st thou procure the Gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them ; behold
Here lies a Youth, whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent Fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand : and to augment my woe,
You now are present stain'd with a Kings blood
Violently shed : this keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh ! *Amin.* No more, pursue me not.

Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.
We may not part.

Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed, it will return with me.

Evad. If it must be, I shall not fear to meet it ; take me home.

Amin. Thou Monster of cruelty, forbear.

Evad. For Heavens sake look more calm ;
Thine Eyes are sharper than thou can'st make thy Sword.

Amin. Away, away, thy knees are more to me than violence.
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant ; for heaven's sake stand.

Evad. Receive me then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language ;
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says I lov'd thee once ; I dare not stay ;
There is no end of Womans reasoning.

[Leaves her.
Evad.

Evad. *Amintor*, thou shalt love me once again;
Go, I am calm; farewell; and peace for ever.

Evadne, whom thou hat'st will die for thee.

[*Kills her self.*

Amin. I have a little humane nature yet
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

[*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but came too late;
Oh I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.

[*She dies.*

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood;
My Soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to my self;
There is some hidden power in these dead things
That calls my flesh into 'em; I am cold;
Be resolute, and bear 'em company;
There's something yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That Death can bring, and yet would it were done:
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of Death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to *Aspatia* did stands up;
I have not such a fault to answer;
Though she may justly arm with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow;
I will not leave this Act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream? there stands *Amintor* still;
Or I dream still.

Amin. How do'st thou? speak, receive my love, and help;
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again;
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name *Aspatia*? *Amin.* I did.

Asp. And talk't of tears and sorrow unto her.

Amin. 'Tis true, and till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Th'art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand, I am *Aspatia* yet.

Amin. Dare my Soul ever look abroad agen?

Asp. I shall live, *Amintor*; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lines to excuse thy loss;
Come let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. *Amintor*, thou must stay, I must rest here,
My strength begins to disobey my will.

How

How dost thou, my best Soul? I would fain live
Now if I could; wouldst thou have loved me then?

Amin. Alas, all that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Asp. Give me thy hand, mine hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:

Have I thy hand, *Amintor*?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh, I must go, farewell.

Amin. She swoonds: *Aspatia*, help, for heavens sake, water;
Such as may chain life for ever to this frame.

Aspatia, speak: what no help? yet I fool,

Ple chafe her temples, yet there's nothing stirs;

Some hidden Power tell her that *Amintor* calls,

And let her answer me: *Aspatia*, speak.

I have heard, if there be life, but bow

The body thus, and it will shew it self.

Oh she is gone! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing;

Ple call it mercy if you'll pity me,

You heavenly powers, and lend for some few years,

The blessed Soul to this fair seat again.

No comfort comes, the Gods deny me too.

Ple bow the body once again: *Aspatia*!

Thy Soul is fled for ever, and I wrong

My self, so long to lose her company.

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love.

[Kills himself.

Enter Servant.

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new King come to
him; I must tell him he is entring. O heaven! help, help!

Enter *Lyfip*. *Melant*. *Cal*. *Cleon*. *Diph*. *Strato*.

Lyf. Where's *Amintor*?

Strat. O there, there.

Lyf. How strange is this!

Cal. What should we do here?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand

Stiff here for ever; eyes call up your tears;

This is *Amintor*: heart, he was my friend;

Melt, now it flows; *Amintor*, give a word

To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. *Melantius* calls his friend *Amintor*; oh thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue;

Speak, speak.

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.

Diph. O Brother, here lies your Sister slain;
You lose your self in sorrow there,

Mel. Why, *Diphilus*, it is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this;
Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Son;
All that I had; speak once again;
What Youth lies slain by thee?

Amin. 'Tis *Aspatia*.
My senses fade, let me give up my soul
Into thy bosome.

Cal. What's that? what's that? *Aspatia*!

Mel. I never did repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! and you have all fine new tricks to
grieve; but I ne're knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a pratler, but no more.

Diph. Hold, brother.

Lysip. Stop him.

Diph. Fie; how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Grown very kind, and am friends with you;
You have given me that among you will kill me
Quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

Is not my hand a weapon good enough
To stop my breath? or if you tie down those,

I vow, *Amintor*, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that.

That may preserve life; this I swear to keep.

Lysip. Look to him tho', and bear those bodies in.

May this a fair Example be to me,

To rule with temper; for on lustful Kings

Unlookt for sudden deaths from heaven are sent;

But curst is he that is their instrument.



